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THE

# Student's Own Magazine

## For India, Burma, and Ceylon.

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## SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

IT is a mere truism to say that 'No school, however small, should be without a library.' Every High School having any pretentions to be considered a good one should have a *good* library. The mere possession of so many hundred or even thousand books does not constitute a Library suitable for a High School.

The very first thing to be done is to set apart a large and airy room, and furnish it with book-cases, tables, chairs, and benches. Everything should be done to make the room a comfortable one. The floor should be matted, and the wall covered with pictures of great authors, and of places made famous by having been the birth places or the abodes of men renowned in the world of literature. We shall suppose that a suitable room has been duly set apart as a library and comfortably furnished for the use of masters and students. Now comes the chief

thing, the procuring a supply of good and suitable books. The duty of making a selection of really suitable books and cataloguing them in a sensible way is one that naturally falls upon the shoulders of the headmaster.

Books may be divided into two main classes,—(**A**) Books of reference, which, as a rule, should never be allowed to be taken out, and, (**B**) Books for general reading, which should hardly ever be *in*.

We have known libraries, and these fairly good ones, which the headmasters point to with pride because the shelves are filled with a glittering array of books, obviously very little used. When such is the case it is clear that the whole purpose of the library has been misunderstood by the school authorities. Books are for use and not for ornament and a headmaster who is always unhappy because he sees empty shelves does not understand the use of a library. The issue book is the true test of the use made of a library. It is required of Inspectors and Inspectresses of Schools that they should note what use is made of the library of each school they inspect, and this should certainly be done with some care, as showing, to a certain extent, the literary tastes of the staff and the pupils.

We now propose to indicate certain books which may be regarded as indispensable for the Reference Library, even of a High School, and to give the names of certain authors whose works should certainly be found on the library shelves for general reading. It may be laid down that no library should be without the following works of reference,—a really good English Dictionary, say *Webster's* International Dictionary, or, better still, *the Century Dictionary*. The *New Oxford Dictionary* is not yet complete, and, if it were, it would be too expensive a work to find a place in a High School Library. We should like to think that all libraries could afford a copy of the *Encylopædia Britannica*, but the latest edition of *Chamber's Encyclopædia* may well be supplied for reference, as also Chamber's *Cyclopædia of English Literature* (new edition in 3 Vols.) The *Dictionary of English Liter-*

*ature* by Davenport Adams is a book no library should be without. Other works are *Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon* (2 Vols.), Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* (new ed.), also his *Handbook of Allusions, &c.*, Low and Pulling's *Dictionary of English History*, an excellent work of its kind, *A Concordance to the Bible*, Chambers' *Book of Days*, Maetzner's *English Grammar* (3 Vols.) Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary* (new edition), *The Statesman's Year Book* for the current year, as it keeps everything geographical well up to date, *Smith's Dictionary of the Bible*, his *Classical Dictionary* and *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, 'Haydn's' *Dictionary of Dates* and a good Handbook of 'familiar quotations.' There is a fairly good book under this title, but it contains many mistakes in the shape of wrong references and misquotations. Of histories, biographies and travels, the library should contain not fewer than 100 carefully chosen books,—selections being made among others from Bryce, Creighton, Cox, Fitchett, Sir W. W. Hunter, Lane-Poole, J. R. Green, Froude, Gardiner, Irving, Macaulay, Prescott, Motley, Stanley, and Arnold.

We may now mention a few writers of fiction whose works may be placed in a High School Library, with the assurance that while they amuse they will also instruct. Of such books it is hard to make a choice out of the countless thousands available in these days. We pass over such books as *Robinson Crusoe, the Arabian Nights, the Pilgrims' Progress, Tom Brown's School Days* (Hughes), *Eric, or Little by Little* (Farrar), and many others which even small boys in the lowest Forms know the names of, and may even have read. No school Library can have any pretence to being considered worthy of the name unless it contains the best works of Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley, Conan Doyle, Mrs. Craik, Mrs. Ewing, Henty, Rudyard Kipling, Lamb, Merriman, Charles Reade, Miss Yonge, Stanley Weyman, Andrew Lang, and others far too numerous to mention. A copy of Chamber's Miscellanies (10 Vols.) is a popular book which should be found in the Lending Library. A few

books not very well known occur to us and may be mentioned as suitable for High School students to read,—"*Snap*" by P. Wolley, "*Peter Steele, the Cricketer*, by H. G. Hutchinson, The *Dog Cruso* by Ballantyne, *Little Lord Fontleroy* by Mrs. Burnett, and *Children of the New Forest* by Marryat.

The Library should contain most of the works of our leading poets, though it is not likely that they will be much read by the students; still Scott and Macaulay and Aytoun contain poems and ballads that quite young people can enjoy. The "English Men of Letters Series," "Ancient Classics for English Readers," and the "Rulers of India Series" may all appropriately be placed on the shelves of a High School Library. For the use of the teachers a few of the best works on the subject of education may be supplied, as for example,—Quick's *Educational Reformers*, Abbott's *Hints on Teaching*, Fitch's *Lectures on Teaching*, Sully's *Teacher's Hand-book of Psychology*, Salmon's *Art of Teaching*, Thring's *Theory a d Practice of Teaching*. Garlick's *New Manual of Method*, Loudon's *School Management* and Maclaren's *Physical Education*. Among miscellaneous works we may mention,—*The Indian Young Man in the Battle of Life* by the late Dr. Murdock, *English Etiquette* by Webb, *the Practice of Elocution* by Smart, *My Study Windows* by Lowell, *Half-hours with the best Authors* by Knight, *Half-hours with the best American Authors* (4 Vols.) by Charles Morris, (published by Warne & Co., London), *Friends in Council* (2 Vols.) by Sir A. Helps, *Horæ Subsecivæ*, by Dr. John Brown, and many others too numerous to mention. This last named book contains the famous *Rab and his Friends*.

We shall now suppose that the Library has been properly constituted and a good foundation laid for its future improvement. Next comes the question as to the use that should be made of it by the students. Left entirely to themselves in the choice of books they may not always make the wisest selection, they should therefore be encouraged to seek advice on the subject of their reading from their teachers, and these should try to get their students to mix a certain amount of solid reading with the

light reading they will find on the Library shelves. '*Miscere utile dulci*' is a good maxim for any reader.

We have said nothing about the Reading Room which should form an adjunct to the Library. Great care must be exercised by the Library Committee in selecting magazines and newspapers. Of course the number of such supplied to the Reading Room will depend on the size of the school, and the amount of the monthly subscriptions,—but, ordinarily speaking, about six of the best Magazines suitable for young people, with two or three better adapted to the Teachers, and three or four leading Newspapers should suffice.

The Committee will of course see that suitable Rules are drawn up and every thing done to secure the best possible use being made both of the Library and Reading Room.

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## No. VI.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time.

WALTER SCOTT may truly lay claim to the greatness, which leaves an indelible mark on all who come in contact with him, through his works, his character, and his life. He was great in intellect, morality, and in that intense sympathetic force, which drew out all that was best in every one he met.

The great poet and novelist was born in Edinburgh on August 15, 1771, and belonged to the great Border Clan; of which the Duke of Buccleuch was the head. He was intensely proud of his descent from the House of Harden, and though he never claimed to be of distinguished birth, he was in reality both on his father's and his mother's side connected with some of the oldest of the Scottish families. He used to say laughingly "every Scotchman has a pedigree."

His great grandfather was that Walter Scott of Teviotdale, who took an oath that he would not cut his beard until the Stuarts were restored, and so gained the name of "Beardie." His second son Robert, farmed a small estate, between Melrose and Kelso, and by his marriage with a Miss Haliburton, he was for a time proprietor of Dryburgh Abbey, where many years after the remains of the great poet were buried. Robert's eldest son was Walter, who married Anne Rutherford, the daughter of a famous physician, and who belonged to the Swinton family. They had many children, and the Walter Scott of immortal fame, was the third son of six children who survived We know little of his mother beyond the fact that she was "buoyant and light-hearted, and very fond of poetry, and romances."

Owing to a very bad illness which he had when an infant, Walter Scott was left permanently lame, and as it was considered good for his health he was sent away from Edinburgh, and lived most of his childhood with his grandfather, Robert Scott, on the farm at Sandy-knowe. He gained strength there, and as everything possible was done for the weak limb, he was able eventually, for many years, to take a great deal of exercise. His brave, eager mind possibly urged him to this, and it would have been better for his later years, had he curbed himself in his youth. While at Sandy-knowe, Scott learned much of the Border-lore, with which he filled his books.

When he returned to Edinburgh, he was sent to school, and afterwards made to study law. But we cannot say that his practice as an advocate was very successful. He had a great deal of leisure time, and spent it in making a collection of Border Ballads, which he could only learn from the country people. They were unwritten, and lived only in the memory of the people, by the handing of them down from generation to generation. He published these ballads with some additional poems of his own, under the name of "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." This book must be remembered as the first literary work of importance published by Scott. Before this he had married a Miss Charpen-

tier, a French lady, and though they were happy, and much attached to each other, we gather from his life that she was not suited to the deeper side of Scott's nature.

When the Border Minstrelsy was published, Scott began to feel that his real work was to be literature. Up till now he had dabbled in law, enjoying thoroughly his life in Edinburgh with his friends, but rarely getting any briefs.

He gave himself up therefore to writing those poems and novels, which have made the name of Walter Scott so widely known, respected and loved. Few can read any of them, without feeling that they must be reckoned among the finest literature that the world has ever known. Scott's power of describing scenery, and his way of writing of his characters, carries the reader into the places at once, where the scenes are placed. His writing is highly realistic as well as imaginative.

When the Ballantyne brothers wished to start their publishing business, Scott made a great blunder. He thought that by joining the Firm he would probably make a greater profit on his books: but it is an established fact I think that literary men should hold themselves aloof from trade or business. For some reason, they seem to be incapable of it, and Scott made a fatal mistake when he started the Ballantynes. It is the more to be regretted, in that it left his memory open to some misapprehension; and that it resulted in the total loss of his lands and money.

In almost every way Scott ranks among the greatest of men, but in all characters there are lights and shadows: something strong, and something weak. He thoroughly deceived himself in thinking that he was a man of business. Scott united in his character, the dreamy and imaginative, and much that was practical, but the latter was a small part of his nature, as must necessarily be the case with all very imaginative people. We turn almost with pleasure from this part of Scott's life, to the further thought of his literary work, and the contemplation of the firm determination of the great author that his debts should be paid

to the uttermost farthing. If for nothing else, we should have loved Scott for this, and the true nobility of his character shines out, in the desperate struggle which he made, to retrieve his losses, and save other people from suffering through him.

We might spend much time in writing of Scott's novels and poems, but this short sketch must be of the man himself. We have only touched upon his books, in order to emphasize certain traits in him which are taught us by his writings.

As he grew older, we can picture him at Abbotsford, where he lived after leaving the small farm at Ashestiel. The house which he so much loved, had been added to and improved, until it had grown into the "Castle and Estate of Abbotsford." When he lost so much money, his great endeavour was—after paying his debts—to save Abbotsford for his family. To do this, he went to live in a poor lodging in Edinburgh, being obliged to leave his wife,—who was very ill—at Abbotsford. When she died, he bore his loss, as bravely as he had done all else.

In 1831—32 Scott had attacks of paralysis, and he was obliged to give up much of his work, but not all; no one could induce him to take perfect rest. But at last, though too late, he obeyed orders, and went to the Mediterranean. A royal vessel was provided for him, a "fitting tribute of respect and affection," but throughout the voyage, his one cry was "Let us to Abbotsford." And when the news of the death of his friend Goethe, the great German poet, was brought to him, his entreaties gained in strength, for he said "at least he died at home." In London, he was again attacked by paralysis, and nothing seemed to rouse him.

But when he approached his beloved Abbotsford, he became excited, and for a little while it seemed as if, in his native air, he would rally again. It was fictitious strength, and he gradually sank to rest, in the home he loved so much, and within sound of the rippling of his dear River Tweed.

Much has been left to us of this great man.

The books he wrote, which will teach the British all over the world, in all parts of the Empire, how dear was his land to him who wrote of it : and they will teach, also, lessons of sympathy, devotion, and unselfishness. From the struggles of Scott's later years, we learn, the lesson of honesty of purpose. It should be our watchword, and, if we fail, after having earnestly striven, neither God nor man will judge us harshly.

Sir Walter Scott is buried at Dryburgh Abbey, one of the most beautiful ruins on the Borders,—a fit resting place for one who had loved, and known, and made famous in his books, all the country round.—M.

## KINDERGARTEN TEACHING IN INDIA.

THERE seems to be no subject more hopelessly misunderstood in this country than Kindergarten. The prevailing idea appears to be, that Kindergarten consists wholly and solely in working a few of Froebel's Gifts and Occupations. Teachers seem to forget that Froebel lived many years ago, and that he wrote chiefly for Germany, and not for India. Therefore, to endeavour to introduce his methods, as they stand, and with the same material, etc., into this country is absurd.

What *is* needed, is to introduce the spirit of his methods into our teaching, and to adapt his methods and occupations to our environments. When Froebel wrote of his Gifts and Occupations, etc., he did not intend that they should be followed out to the letter—but that they should be suggestions of what might be done.

It is obviously impossible in India, to use Froebel's references to the home-life of the child, habits, customs, etc., for Froebel wrote for German children in German surroundings, which, as everybody knows, are vastly different to the surroundings of an Indian child, *e. g.*, to talk to the Indian child about the fire-place in his house, would be as absurd as talking to the European child living in Europe about the punkah in his; equally absurd is it to endeavour to use Froebel's Gifts and Occupations in India

in precisely the same way in which they are used in Europe. Most books on Kindergarten are written for European teachers working in Europe, or America, so that it is worse than useless to try to follow them out to the letter in Indian teaching.

But it is possible, and also perfectly easy, to teach Indian children on Froebelian lines.

Froebel's chief idea, was to bring the child as much as possible into contact with nature, and in no country is this easier than in India. There is nothing to prevent him from observing and sketching the various trees, animals, etc., which he sees daily, and not only to observe and sketch, but, with the help of the teacher, to reason out the why and wherefore of their existence, mode of development, etc. This kind of education tends to train the child into what nature intended him to be, *viz.*, a reasonable and intelligent being, and not into a mere machine. Some teachers, by their eternal cram, cram, cram of Reading, Writing and Arithmetic into the young brain,—not yet mature enough to receive such formal instruction,—entirely wipe out from those children, every spark of enthusiasm and originality. Such teachers turn school-life into a period of drudgery and misery, instead of being, as it should be, the happiest part of a child's life.

Reading, Writing and Arithmetic are three most essential subjects to be learnt, but no advantage is gained by forcing them on the child at too early an age. By waiting until the child has gained some experience and knowledge of the life, etc., around him, his brain will be in a much better condition to take in such subjects as these.

Froebel says: "Play is the highest point of human development in the child-life," for it is the free expression of the child's inner being. Yet, how often do we see children playing in school? They are not given the opportunity to do so, because it may take time from other subjects,—the fact, that so much can be learnt *through* play, being entirely lost sight of. Another mistake, frequently made in connection with Kindergarten, is a very fatal one, *viz.*, that Kindergarten can take place at certain

stated hours in the school time-table, and be entirely separated from all other work. A true Kindergarten School is a Kindergarten School *always*, all day and all night as well. The Kindergarten spirit pervades the whole building, and every subject is taught in a Kindergarten manner, that is, as much as possible through play.—C. L. GILLINGHAM.

## THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.*

### II.

IN the fourteenth century, the road between London and Canterbury still presented a busy sight, thronged with pilgrims travelling to seek the tomb of "the holy blissful martyr." Two hundred years had passed. The indignation at the martyr's death had long burnt out. Thomas was still the national saint; but the pilgrims were no longer animated only by thoughts of religion as they went along. All classes of people met and journeyed together in parties. The pilgrimage had become a holiday pleasure as well as a religious duty. Thoughts of Saint Thomas, we may be sure, reigned in the hearts of the pilgrims when they entered his City and kneeled down in devotion at his shrine; but the pilgrims' journey there was the journey of people happy in the open air, travelling with open hearts along the pleasant roads of merry England. They rejoiced in one another's company. The road was gay with the sound of their bagpipes and their Canterbury Bells. Even from London the journey took several days, and the travellers, for we must call them travellers now rather than pilgrims, passed the time in converse, singing songs, making jests, and telling tales to one another.

It is the Spring of 1387, in the tenth year of the unhappy reign of the second Richard. The air is fresh with the soft west wind, and the little birds are making melody on branch and in mid-air. The love for spring-time and its gentle influence makes

* This interesting account of Canterbury, St. Thomas à Becket, and the pilgrimages to his shrine at Canterbury Cathedral, was begun in the December number of the Student's Friend (now the S.O.M.) and will be concluded in our April issue.—Ed. S. O. M.

people long to take the open road, draw in the life-giving air, and recreate themselves in the new birth of nature. This is the time they choose to go on pilgrimage. Harry Baily, mine *Host* of the Tabard Inn, may hope for business in these days. Is not his Inn in Southwark? What better starting place for Canterbury can be found? And there is one pilgrim lying at the Inn, less intent we fear on thoughts of God and the holy Thomas, than on nature and mankind. His is the practical piety of kindliness and sympathy. There is humour too, mischievous and yet charitable, in the poet's face; for he is Chaucer, Geoffrey Chaucer, the greatest of old English poets, the "well of English undefiled," the gentlest, the most human, the most open-eyed man who has written of these old times. What a picture we might get from him, were he to travel in one of these merry companies, a picture of the people who lived in England in the middle ages, with all their merit and defects, their simplicity and rudeness, their sadness and their laughter. We should have a truly human picture of our forefathers, as true and as sympathetic as that which we ourselves might see of the people of the present day gathered together for merriment at a fair or festival. Nay, it would be truer, for we have not those seeing eyes which Chaucer had; and it would be wider, for all sorts and conditions of men met on these pilgrimages, and class distinctions lost much of their force in the friendship of the open air and the fellowship of the road. Were they not all, these people on pilgrimage, citizens of merry England? Were they not all children of the Church? And though their breasts no longer burned with holy zeal, and they were merry on the way (what can you expect? Thomas is dead these two centuries and more!), it was still their religion and their faith which sent them to Canterbury; and mother Church, who takes no great account of worldly rank, gathers her children into a family.

Such a picture *has* come down to us of one of these merry English parties, one of these little families of mother Church, pilgrims all, moving on the way to Canterbury, to seek the "holy blissful martyr" whose protection has helped them through

danger and through sickness. And Chaucer, our friend of the Tabard, *is* the painter. It is a picture in words, and is called the Canterbury Tales. It is a picture which surpasses history.

The evening of that Spring Day falls. Will Chaucer have to go his pilgrimage alone? No; here comes custom for you, Harry Baily. The quiet of eventide is broken by the noise of horses hoofs, and of voices, and of jangling bells, as a party of pilgrims rides into the courtyard of the Inn. Twenty-nine all told, they are, or, by'r Lady, thirty; but who will stop to count? There is a great to-do. But soon the horses are stabled for the night, and the travellers come into the bright light and cheerfulness of the Inn. Then there is the bustle of preparation all over the hostelry, and at last all, tired and cheerful and hungry, tuck their legs beneath the common table, and set to work upon the feast which Harry Baily has provided. The bright-eyed *Host* himself takes the top of the table and dispenses the good cheer. This is no time for talk: they all set themselves with zest to the work in hand. But as soon as supper is over, and the *Miller* has swallowed the last crumb which he can hold, and the reckoning has been paid, mine *Host* speaks to the company in his hearty voice: "Lordings," he says, "I have not seen this year so merry a com-"pany at the Tabard. It were pity that you should wend to "Canterbury without some play to make the way seem short. "Follow my plan and I'll warrant there will be no weariness on "the journey." He asks all who are willing to do what he recommends to hold up their hands. He is so bold in his speech and so manly and jovial that every hand goes up. Then he tells them his plan, which is, that each pilgrim shall tell stories of adventure and romance, two on the way to Canterbury and two on the way back; so the miles will slip past and the way seem short: and the pilgrim who tells the best story is to be entertained at supper by the rest on their return to the Tabard. The *Host* is so pleased with the party, that he offers to ride himself with them to Canterbury and be their guide. They are delighted. They agree with glad hearts to his proposal and ask him to be

the 'Governor' of their company. He is to judge of the stories which are told and decide which story is the best. The wine comes in. The pilgrims drink a parting cup, and all retire to rest.

Harry Baily rises with the dawning of the day. The first astir, he wakens all the rest. Soon they are gathered into a little flock, and the cavalcade paces out in the early morning, while Harry Baily rides at the head and takes control. Never did a merrier party ride on any road. And now the story-telling is to begin. Who is to tell the first? The *Host* says it must be decided by lot. Straws are cut of different lengths and put into a little bundle. All are made even on top, and the *Host's* hand conceals the length of the stalks beneath. He goes round with the bundle. Each pilgrim draws a straw at random. He who draws the shortest straw must begin. To the pleasure of the whole party, the lot falls on the *Knight*. He accepts it without any fuss; and the party moves forward in the early morning light, listening, as it falls from his lips, to the old-world story of Palamon and Arcite.

III.

The 'Canterbury Tales' was written during an unhappy period of our English history. A false and tyrant King was reigning in the land. The countryside which had been left desolate by the visits of the Great Plague was still suffering from their effects. The Plague had come from the South like a poisonous wind, and half the people of England had fallen before it. That was not a loss which could be easily made good. The suffering peasants of the Southern counties had risen against oppression; the rebellion had been beaten down; and these green fields of Kent, which lay on either hand of our pilgrims as they rode, had, only a few years before, been drenched in the blood of the rebels. But no thoughts of these sad things were in the minds of Harry Baily and his company. They were glad with the gladness of Spring. Despite all that suffering it was springtide too in the heart of the English nation. These visitations of plague and oppression were like the howers of hail which pelt the young growth in March, or the frost

which comes in the night time and takes the country back to winter. The sun had been out and would come out again; no frost or bitter showers in spring can prevent the arrival of the summer.

And so it was in England; the country had grown like nature does under soft winds and sunshine: its commerce had increased; its fame as a nation had grown in Europe; at Creçy and at Poictiers it had overcome the power of France; education was spreading; the voice of the people had been heard in Parliament checking and controlling the King; the monarchy therefore was no longer absolute; and beyond all these things, an Englishman had become an Englishman indeed, speaking the English tongue, proud of his country and his name.

For long after the Norman Conquest, England was not truly England. The people were a conquered race. They were despised and ill-treated, noble and peasant alike, by their proud Norman conquerors. But slowly and surely the Englishman recovered the ground which he had lost. He conquered his conqueror. It was a conquest won, without war, by the spirit of the people. Freedom was in the blood of these old Englishmen; they were no unworthy descendants of the fierce northern freemen who had won the land inch by inch from the Britons; we must remember too that the Normans, or Northmen, were of the same race. Slowly then the conquered won the respect of the conquerors. They began to intermarry: the races mingled and became again one race. There were no Saxons or Normans in England now. All were Englishmen speaking one language and bound together by the spirit of patriotism which was growing in the land. England was now the fatherland of all of them. That gave a new start to the life of the nation, which had been set back by the Norman Conquest. Springtime had come.—J. C.

*(To be concluded in April.)*

## JAMBU'S BURGLAR.

### A True Story.

RAI Bahadur the Honorable Jaladurgaprasadeswar was a flourishing Vakil of one of our High Courts, enjoying a lucrative practice. He had a son Jumbukeswar by name, for shortness called Jumbu. He was being educated at a High school in the Mofussil; and it was certainly annoying to our Jumbu when he heard that he could not go home for the first part of the holidays, as one of his little sisters had small-pox. He learned this only three days before the end of the term.

"It is very hard on me; indeed, it is hard," said Jumbu, "these kids are always catching some horror or other; last time they hit on the mumps, and this time they seem to have selected small-pox. It is precious hard to have to stay here, while all my school-mates are enjoying their long vacation in their homes."

But his mother had been thoughtful, and she had arranged that he should go straight from school to his aunt Chellamma, who lived in a large house at Salagramnagar. Jumbu was consoled and liked this plan of his mother's, especially as his chum, Katchu, was included in his aunt's invitation to Salagram. But Jumbu was not quite happy although it was hard to tell why he should have considered it any hardship, to have to go to aunt Chellam instead of going home. This lady had always been very kind to him, though she was apt to be a little angry and impatient if things did not meet with her approval.

And yet it was obvious to all that Jumbu was not contented. "You see, Katchu," said Jumbu, "aunt Chellam is very kind in spite of her sharp sayings, and she comes down on a fellow only when he is a bit too mischievous. But, there is that cousin of mine, that brute of a Rangu! He seems to have grown more conceited than ever, and thinks himself no end of a swell, because he has passed his F. A. and gone to Madras to join his "College." I know well enough that he came out last in the examination

for all his pandit airs. Anyhow he is always against me, and whenever he gets the chance, he scores."

"I know the chap exactly;" said bright Katchu, "my brother calls fellows like him 'the new swells and showy bubbles.' There is no end to their brag. Rangu calls himself an aristocrat; and thinks himself a lord over us younger ones.

So Jumbu and Katchu talked over their dislike of the collegian Rangu; and in this respect matters were about equal. They made common cause against Rangu, and the fellow-feeling made them very kind to each other.

Rangu had already gone to Salagram; and when he heard of the proposed invasion of his home by Jumbu and his lieutenant Katchu, he remarked, "I say, mother, do you mean to say that I am to have my vacation spoilt by those two mischievous little imps! Those noisy chatter-boxes! They are sure to turn this house into a veritable bear-garden. Bah! those unwashed wretches from rustic schools!"

"They may prove rather a nuisance," admitted Chellamma, "but we must manage to put up with them. After all, it is only for a few weeks. The two boys are about the same age, and, will be companions to each other, so that, I daresay, they will not trouble you very much."

"But if they do, I know what to do. I will make the place too hot for them," muttered Rangu, somewhat viciously, and to do the "civilised collegian" justice, he meant to keep his word.

In course of time Jumbu and Katchu arrived; and were of course on their best behaviour for the first few days. New brooms sweep clean. Cousin Rangu was all civility and very grand, patronising, and polite, even playing the schoolmaster to the youngsters. He did not show any open hostility, beyond calling Jumbu "Infant," which was an old device of Rangu's for drawing

him into a quarrel. On Katchu he bestowed the nickname, "Mr. Fatt," in allusion to his somewhat round and dumpy person, resembling a tub.

At the end of about ten days, however, when the novelty had to some extent worn off, Jumbu and Katchu amused themselves one morning, in the interval between their breakfast and the noonday meal, by taking Chellamma's milk-white calf,—a favourite of the worthy aunt's,—and, after carefully painting it with red and blue stripes like a tiger, hunting it all over the garden with loud yells, Katchu barking like a dog and doing most of the mischief. Another day it was Jumbu's turn to play the chief actor. He dressed himself up in a hairy coat made out of a white woollen blanket, bedaubed his face with red and black paint, and wore a beard of white flowers plucked from the snake-gourd pandal flower. He flourished bunches of mango-twigs in his hands, calling out "Here is Hanuman come back alive from above. Who will fight him?"

These and other outrages caused great indignation, and various punishments were discussed; cousin Rangu kindly volunteering to flay them alive, or brand them round the knees with red-hot iron pokers. These suggestions of the worthy collegian were rejected in favour of sending the two boys upstairs to bed, ignominiously locking them up in their rooms at six o'clock. The two boys were thus prevented from witnessing a rural dramatic performance, upon which the offending Jumbu and Katchu were known to have set their hearts. Thus they had a double punishment and cousin Rangu in his virtuous indignation seemed well satisfied.

The two boys were locked in, and were left to reflect in solitary silence upon their misdeed of offending against domestic discipline. Cousin Rangu seemed to have triumphed now; but it was all the worse for him.

That young collegian had overlooked the fact, that, the two rooms being next to each other in the same wing, the boys were

enabled, by the simple expedient of opening their windows, and thrusting their heads out, to converse without the smallest difficulty.

"Look here, Katchu," said Jumbu, "I call it a beastly shame; we are bottled up here, like fish. And so my Lord Rangu has triumphed, has he? He shall not long remain in his fool's paradise! I propose that we make these bed-sheets into a rope, and let ourselves down. I give my own vote and my casting vote for it. There! see, it is carried by the majority. What sayest thou, my incomparable Katchu?"

"An original suggestion!" whispered Katchu; and they soon acted upon it, and in about twenty minutes the captives were standing on the ground, in all the glowing joy of unexpected freedom won by their own mother-wit.

"I say, Rangu," interjected the practical Katchu, "I say, though, we shall be bottled up again, if they see the twisted sheets dangling down from our windows like that."

This defect was to be remedied. They soon found a ladder—the gardener's—which just reached up to the window; by means of it the boys were able to throw back into the rooms their tell-tale sheets. All this was accomplished without much danger of detection, as the rest of the family were at supper, in quite another part of the house. The two boys soon got out of the garden, and made their way down to the pleasant river-side; where they sat them down on the clean sand-bed, and proceeded to discuss plans of vengeance for the shameful punishment, as they thought, which they had suffered.

"If we had each had a dozen cuts on the palm of our hands,—or a good licking,"—remarked the injured Jumbu in a tone of wounded self-respect,—"I should not have so much minded, but when it comes to being shut up in a cage like a parrot, or sent to bed like a couple of babies—why we are simply bound to go on trike, and to make them feel for it; what sayest, thou Katchu?"

Various schemes were broached, discussed, and rejected ; they finally decided that they would perpetrate a sham dacoity on aunt Chellamma's house. " We shall not be suspected, as several houses in the neighbourhood have lately been robbed,"—put in the sagacious Katchu.

Chellamma, who was a widow in affluent circumstances, had a horror of burglars; " Well," said Jumbu, " we shall have a chance now to see if that precious cousin of mine Rangu, is really quite as much of a hero, as he makes himself out to be." Moreover Rangu was the only man in the house; and the responsibility of repulsing a night attack, Jumbu knew, would fall chiefly on his cousin. Here was a good chance to put him on his mettle and try him. The plan of campaign was simple enough they would by means of the ladder already, mentioned, get in by the window of one of the empty rooms ; then open the downstairs rooms, and windows, and raise the alarm. They waited till near midnight; when, to their great joy, the sky clouded over and it was soon almost pitch dark. Without much difficulty they made their way back to the house, broke the fence, climbed over sundry inner walls, and then went straight to the spot where they had left the ladder. They knew the exact place, and groped and felt for it in the darkness with perfect confidence, but there was no ladder there! Katchu was so much astonished that he had formed his mouth up ready for a whistle of surprise, when Jambu's hand slid suddenly over it, and as it were, shut off the steam. Had Jumbu seen anything ?—*P. S.*

(*To be concluded in April.*)

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## Practical Gardening.

ONE of the most interesting and engrossing hobbies that a man can have is that of Gardening. It gives a quiet sort of recreation to a man and makes him calm by suppressing the boisterous element in him. There is no morbid excitement here, no undue haste. Every-

thing will come in its time. There is no rest however in gardening in any season of the year. Every season has its flowers and fruits and the gardener has to be busy all his time in attending to these at their proper seasons. To the æsthetically inclined, gardening presents a vast field for admiration and thought. Gardening is also a profitable occupation and can easily be made the means of getting money as well as recreation. Our Indian students are generally characterised by their lack of enthusiasm in the acquirement of knowledge. We are not prepared to discuss the truth of it, but it is surely true that they are distinguished from Western students by their lack of hobbies. If our Indian students turn their thoughts towards gardening and spend half-an-hour each day in attending to plants, in time they will become expert gardeners and so interesting and engaging will they find gardening when they have advanced a little, that never after will they be able to leave it alone. In gardening they will find a solace for miseries and troubles which even in student life are not a few. Some will find it a companion in their solitude and a pecuniary helper in times of need. They will find sufficient instruction if they look at it with the eyes of a careful observer. Nobody can justify his not taking to gardening on account of his not having a plot of land in which to plant his trees or plants, as Pot Gardening, which has been much advanced of late years, has clearly shown that it is not necessary for us to have an acre of ground to put our plants or even small trees in. Pots and the earth they contain are quite sufficient for the healthy growth of certain trees and though pots of all sizes can be got, the Chinese method of dwarfing trees is the best to pursue. In this case we do not require pots larger than 12 inches in diameter and in these trees, such as the mango, the Loquat, the Luchee, &c., can be grown and made to fruit prolifically. Grafting trees is one of the methods of dwarfing them and many will have seen grafted mangoes oranges, &c., fruiting in pots of the above size. I would however advise amateurs, who begin the delightful pursuit of gardening, to commence with flowers, as they will afford the best recreation; and let them take up the Indian flowers first. After studying their habits and growing them to perfection they may gradually take to the cultivation of the rarer kinds and of the English varieties of flowers. The would-be amateur if he has even a plot of ground 6 feet square to call his own will find it best to turn it into a garden and also those whose

fathers have gardens will find it interesting to appropriate a piece of ground of the above size if not more and conduct in it their own experiments in gardening. It should not disappoint anyone if even a plot of this size cannot be had. He should in that case get about 2 dozen flower pots of the size indicated and plant the following common Indian flowering plants, one in each pot. There should not be less than 2 pots of each kind. They will take about half an-hour's care each day for the boys, if they look to it themselves and as carefully as they should. They should carefully observe the development of the plants, mark their seasons of vigorous growth, dormant repose, flowering and fruiting times, the diseases they may be infected with, and the means by which they are cured, the effect of pruning on them, the effect of particular manures, the effect of each hoeing after each copious watering—the effect of the hot and cold weather, or the rainy season, on their growth. They should know how plants are grafted in arches, etc., when they should be transplanted, or if their roots should be exposed and why, when a particular seed should be sown, etc., etc. For the first attempt the following will be enough. Permanent plants.

1. Bela
2. Chambeli
3. Kunda
4. Kaylas.
5. Goolajaib
6. Basunth

7 Manokamini, Champa, Kadamb, Juhi, Newar, Gulab Nargis, Gooldaoodi, Kandel, Goolachin, Gooltoorah, Goolshabbo, Goolasharfi, Goolkhairo, Kenda Chandni, &c., &c.

Of the temporary sorts. I recommend a collection of mixed English flowering annuals, preferably in the ground as they will look more beautiful in beds than in pots. Say a collection of the following,—Pansy, Nasturtium, Carnations, Stocks Candytuft, Pinks, Phlox, Celosia, Sweet Peas, Hollyhock, Cineraria, Clianthus, Asters, Petunia, Verbena. After practising this and gradually extending it the amateur can also cultivate vegetables and fruits. I have given this very rough outline of how an amateur may commence, and if I succeed in inducing even one or two to join in the delightful pursuit of gardening, I shall not have written in vain. The amateur will

find W. W. Johnston's book on gardening a very useful one. It is priced Rs. 2-8 and can be got from the Manager, Himalaya "Seed Stores," *Mussoorie.*

The plants and seeds can be got at any garden nursery locally, at little cost, and the pots at a potter's.

PROBODH CHUNDRA BANERJI.

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## Notices of Books.

**Fallon's New English-Hindustani Dictionary.**—In a small compass we have here an excellent English-Hindustani Dictionary. It is well and very accurately printed at Lahore by Rai Sahib M. Gulab Singh and Sons. There are many neat illustrations. We note that the pronunciation of every English word is given, but we much doubt the utility of this, more especially as it is quite impossible, we feel sure, for most Hindustani speaking students to follow the diacritical marks. We have moreover observed, that they are often far from accurate. For instance, why should 'gaud' and 'gaudiness' be differently pronounced, Competence is not to be pronounced Kom′pētens, as given, but Kom'pĭtens. We shall be told perhaps that the pronunciation of the words is that given in some English Dictionary. So much the worse for that English Dictionary. Notwithstanding some slight errors, the book is a most useful one, and very handy.

**The Taj Mahal of Agra** :—A descriptive Essay by T. Archibald Brooks, Government High School, Simla. Price one Rupee.

This is an interesting little volume on that "Miracle in Marble," the Taj Mahal. Mr. Brooks has diligently sought for descriptions by other writers on the subject. He has of course studied the Taj itself, and has thus been able to produce a useful little book. The late Sir M. E. Grant-Duff said of the Taj. "It is the one building, so far as I know, in all the earth, fit to be named in the same breath as the Parthenon at Athens." . . . . . . . .

## Our Essay Competition.

The prize for the Composition on "Why should all manufactures be encouraged?" is awarded to R. Shiv Dayal, 56, Peters Road, Royapettah, Madras. The book is named. "Tales of Indian Chivalry," by Michael Macmillan.

The essays show a marked improvement on those sent in for January and I hope that each month I may have the same progress to note. In some cases the grammar is bad. Candidates must avoid such sentences as,—

"Why we should encourage" instead of 'Why should we, &c." 'What else *we* should do' for 'should *we* do.' Also I beg of you avoid florid language. Plain simple English is so much better.

I was a little afraid that this subject would bring down on me torrents of Swadeshi eloquence. I am glad to say that, with one or two exceptions, I have escaped. As for the competitor whose school-fellows told him that "no manufactures should be encouraged," I would advise him to tell them to study the early history of India!

I hope that the essay subject, (a proverb), chosen for the next competition will be appreciated and that many will write on it.

**Subject:—**

"The more haste, the less speed", *or*, as an alternative subject, "All that glitters is not gold."

*Competition Editor.*

TO EVERY READER OF

"THE STUDENT'S OWN MAGAZINE."

**I hope you like this number. If you do, please recommend it to your friends. It may contain something specially interesting to you or them. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time, and to know what you like or do not like.**

**The Editor.**